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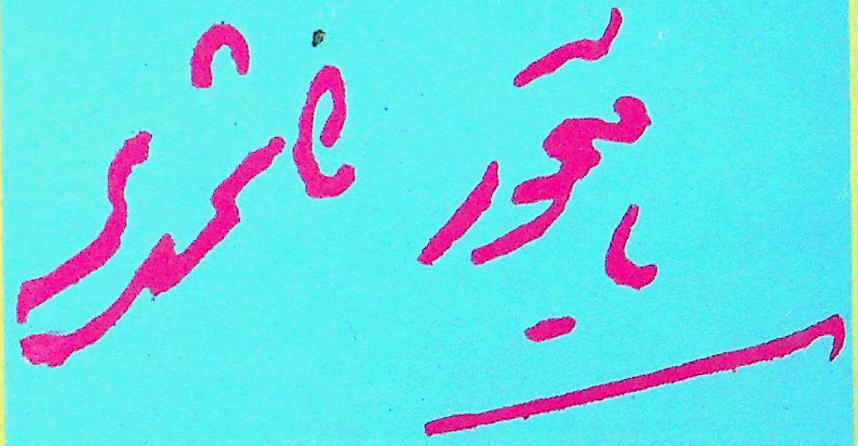
THE BEST OF MAHJOOR



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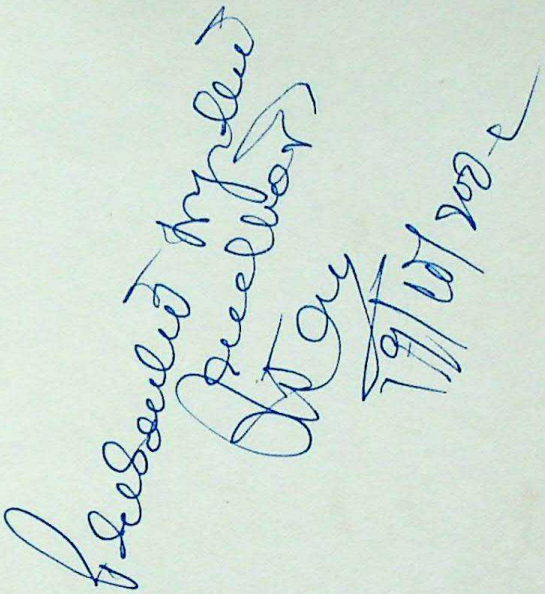

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THE BEST OF MAHJOOR

(Selections from Mahjoor's Kashmiri Poems)

Translated by
Triloki Nath Raina

G.M. College of Education
Raipur, Bantalab
Jammu
Acc. No. 2296(B)
Dated 4/11/2015

J & K Academy of Art, Culture and Languages.
Srinagar

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Publisher's Note

It all happened on August 11, 1987. Governor Jag Mohan was the chief guest at the centennial celebrations arranged in memory of the birth centenary of Ghulam Ahmad Mahjoor, the people's poet of Kashmir. Stirred by the atmosphere, the Governor was kind enough to anounce a special grant of Rs. 10,000/- for the organisers,the J & K Academy of Art, Culture and Languages, to render Mahjoor in English, Hindi and if possible, any other Indian Language. J & K Academy has to its credit the production of the deluxe edition of Mahjoor's poetical works. It also holds the record for bringing to light all that is worth while in Mahjoor or in making a better appreciation of his contribution. The Academy accepted the challenge and this very year besides the English renderings, we are publishing selections from Mahjoor in Hindi also.

The English version may not look so fat a volume in terms of page numbers etc. but it really represents the essence of Mahjoor. Both the Academy and the translator have tried their best to embellish this anthology with various lovely hues chosen from the garden which is Mahjoor's poetic vision.

Our translator, Shri Triloki Nath Raina, has already earned a name in translating Kashmiri verses. His "An Anthology of Modern Kashmiri Verse" is regarded as a fairly fine rendering of Kashmiri poets. This time he can claim to have excelled even himself and this we say on the authority of our reviewer Professor Rehman Rahi.

It is very gratifying that Shri Raina has, with a rare finesse, avoided the pitfalls, which became the undoing of another English translator of Mahjoor, Shri T.N. Koul. Shri Koul overstepped his brief and landed himself in veritablemess. We do hope that this rendition will, in a large measure, help in conveying the typical Mahjoor aroma to the English reader. This I say even while keeping inview the contradiction involved in translating poetry from one language to another.

Mirza Ghalib has so tellingly summed up the dilemma in his inimitable style, 'IBAADAT BARO KI KARTA HOON AUR AFSOOS HAASIL KA" (I worship the lightning and then regret the loss of the harvest).

Above all, I must sincerely thank the Governor, Shri Jag Mohan, who inspired this translation.

Srinagar — M.Y. Taing,

Republic Day, 1989 — Secretary

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I

(vanta vesiye bewaafaayee shavaye dildaar chha)

O friend, should one, as beautiful as the moon,
Delight in breaking hearts by playing false in love ?

He plunged into my heart his pointed dart,
Showing no more pity than a swordsman in war.

He shot me from afar, but how could I hide the wound ?
O how beautiful he is, but how cruel his sport !

O archer! Was the forked shaft that pierced my heart
Tongued with fire, or dipped in the deadliest venom ?

What's sliding down his robes may be coils of snakes,
Tresses of hyacinths, or meadows where bulbuls sing !

Lovers in mortal pain take heart when they behold
Those twin breasts — an elixir for ailing souls !

He slipped out by subtle stealth, but I'll seek him out
In his favourite haunts — Pari Mahal, Telbal, Dal or Shalamar.

My lot is tears! Leaving me lonesome and broken, he's gone!
Who knows where ? — Prang or Brang or Drang or Kotahar!

Who has appeared at break of dawn, rattling at the door ?
A thief or a drunk — or could it be sweet-throated Mahjoor?

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II

(loli manz bo karay goor goor)

I'll rock you in my arms !
O my pearl, do not forsake me.

Your beauty's rising fame
Filled me with a mad longing
To beg at your door.

Just one glance from you
Sent me into love's consuming flames,
Like one tumbling down the skies.

O ravishing moon, don't hide yourself !
I pray some odd job tempts you out,
So that we see your radiant form.

How much like Sheereen or Badwaljamal,
Or a hourie emerging from Paradise,
With pearls gleaming on a swans's neck !

At dawn you came to the purling stream,
With beauty's noose slung on your arm,
And trapped the thief of love !

I'll lie in wait for you in the deepest woods,
Kneel at your feet under the jessamine bush —
My Forest of Najd and Mount Sinai !

Mahjoor is languishing for your love,
And shall offer whatever you ask.
Pray you too show equal faith !

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III

(tsolhama roshe roshe)

You stole away with furtive gait,
O lover of flowers, my sweetheart !

Stay, O stay, my only love !
O wizard, why must you leave me thus ?
Tell me how I shall survive.

Since I saw you in my prime,
And stood dazed, bewitched, distracted,
I've been weeping out my heart.

I'm waiting for you on the mountain,
Dropping scalding tears of blood.
Can you escape the guilt, my love ?

Love brought me only infamy.
I became the talk of the town,
With rivals slinging mud at me.

A mynah without her mate,
All night till dawn I cry,
For you have broken my heart.

'Come, friend, we are late for the fields !'
My life has ground to a halt,
As he has left me to feed on taunts !

'O friend, let's go to the woods !'
I wonder who poisoned his mind.
Shall I ever see him again ?

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Come, love, and see my heart,
My bosom consumed with fire.
Will you come only when I'm gone ?

There's none who'll carry my message and plaints !
O, why won't you steal in, my love ?
I've laid a bed of flowers for you !

Vivacious soul, who is free from bounds,
What net have you caught me in ?
You've cut my heart in twain !

You left me lonesome, with the gift
Of mortal pangs of separation.
I'll have to put on saffron robes!

I'll call you from the mountain.
Turn back, O prince of men,
And remember your plighted troth !

I will not cease complaining.
Your diverse pleas will fail,
For I will always claim you as mine.

Caught fast in the web of destiny,
I left home at the middle of the night,
Singing a serenade to my Naagiray.

You left me on the roadside,
Forlorn, with a wounded heart.
To whom can I reveal my pain ?

When slumber had stolen over me,
I found I had come to slave for you —
A yearning that fills all my nights !

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I yearn to see you on the balcony,
Arrayed in eternal splendour,
With myself, a devotee, offering my life.

Mahjoor is seeking his beloved,
That wizard without faith.
How long shall he have to yearn !

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IV

(jalva havith doot traavith .....)

Beholding your loveliness maddened me with longing.
How cruel you left me languishing with this desire !

Did you enter my bower of love just to put a spell
On my senses, taste my bloom and leave me in blight ?

Faithless one! Your furtive look pierced my soul ;
And my virgin, loving heart fluttered like a wounded bird.

Being simple, and trusting faith, I offered all my love.
It's you who played me false, and left me desolate.

For all my faith and dignity, you chose to slander me,
Disgrace me and toss me out, with a taunt as your gift.

O how you broke my heart, staying away displeased,
Leaving me to rue my fate, all consumed with longing !

Beloved, your letter — the parting gift — bristled with taunts.
It was holding with your hands the mortal cup to my lips !

You led me to my grave, with a fitting deathly pallor,
Like a blighted jessamine bush, burnt with the fire of love.

Majoor, lying far away, in hiding as it were,
Says, 'dear friend, how can you leave,
Forgetting all your vows ?'

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V

(tota volmut chaani amaari ye)

I'm like a parrot enmeshed in your love,
O wild mynah, hear the song of my heart !

The god of love, in his crimson robes,
Came to the garden in the shades of dusk,
And fragrance floated from flower beds.

Her curls float down like webs,
Or like a hyacinth bed that entraps a rose,
Or like the king of snakes. And O, how many have fallen !

Won't I offer my eyes to my beloved's feet !
O, those wine cups filled to the brim !
And those brimful drunken eyes !

Your furtive glance laid me low.
When with brows knit, you shot your arrows,
O queen huntress, I fell !

Your delicate hands are bouquets of flowers,
Your words so soft and sweet ! —
What better balm could the ailing find ?

Seen from afar, you fill one with yearning ;
But when you are near, you veil your face !
Why be coy, my love ? Why these barriers ?

O let me gaze at your living form,
And taste the honey of your words.
I've been languishing for ages !

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Be my guest. There's feast for you —
Almonds, nan, girda, shirmal ,
And the choicest tender meat !

O crow, ask la belle dame sans merci
Why she can't look up an ailing soul.
After all, we're not in hostile camps !

Mahjoor is singing a song of love
Which only lovers can understand.
What say the people of Handawara ?

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VI

(mari mandi chham chaani bemaree)

The pangs of love are consuming me.
Beloved, I offer you my life.

He has gone along the green bank.
But I'll pursue him down every stream,
Like Heemaal in search of Naagiray.

I'm bathed in sweat, with strength ebbed out,
Following my love over hill and dale.
Why can't he halt and hear my prayer ?

The king of hunters pierced my heart
With well-aimed shafts of dalliance.
God alone knows why he's cross with me !

If my love comes, I'll wait on him
As a loyal slave, and offer him
All the sweets the world has seen.

O be my guest, and let me serve !
I shall dance round you like a bee.
I've stocked the sweetest pollen!

Sleep has forsaken me. I use the night
To pick love's saffron from the flowers.
Come in the moonlight to see my art.

How long more will it be so ?
Majoor has waited for ages.
Does his beloved have no compassion ?

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VII

(tamanna chaani deedaruk)

Beloved, how I yearn for you
Like the yemberzal for her bee !
These eyes have always ached for you
Ever since I bloomed.

O graceful tree, all abloom
With many a bright-hued flower !
Wouldn't the sight of the myriad blooms
Madden me with desire ?

Being genteel, I stood away,
Trying to hide love's surging waves ;
But the arrow of your glance gave me
A wound that'll never heal !

O my elusive sweetheart,
How I always pine for you,
How every fibre of my being
Burns with the fire of love !

You are in dalliance with others,
While my companions are my tears.
Since I daren't move out in daytime,
I'll search for you at night.

Which fortunate soul has your heart ?
Could she be one like me ?
Which masval holds you captive
Out of jealousy of me ?

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O come to my gatch - plastered room,
Where a carpet's spread for you,
And let me weep into your bosom,
Enfolded in your arms !

What made you fall for other dames ?
Which pale yellow rose
Cunningly cast a spell on you
To have you in her arms ?

Paying homage to beauty, Mahjoor
Makes this pledge to his friend :
'It's you and you alone
That can claim my ardent passion !'

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VIII

(bazi karithuy tsolkha bazigaaro ho)

How soon after enchanting me you left, O wizard !
Life's springtime, O my youth !

How like midsummer was my youth,
Tempting the world with lifted veil !
But alas, the blossoms remained for a day !

Like a cedar in the forest, enjoying
The river bank's pubescent green.
Cut it not down, O stern woodman !

Like a blazing pinewood fire,
Showering sparks with tongues of flame.
Spent is its force, the fire is out !

Alas ! it was only a dream so sweet,
That my grief was great when it was gone.
O could I dream that dream again !

A sweet-throated bird in the garden,
Singing perched on a flowering bough !
Don't aim your arrow, O king of hunters !

A garden aflame with the bright red colour
Of the blossoms of pomegranates !
But the autumn wind destroyed the bloom.

Like the hurrying waters of Rambi stream,
Which rush down but can't turn back,
Though the grass on the banks may wither !

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I stand forsaken by the Lord of Youth,
And soot has covered my jessamine frame.
My eyes starve to see him again.

I am the forlorn Zuleika on the road,
My love, Yusuf's footfall awaiting.
I yearn to meet him once again.

Sweet boyhood and mad youth gone for ever,
Mahjoor remembers his earliest friend.
Do not desert me, O friend of my youth !

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IX

(rozu rozu bozu myaani zaar madno)

Stay, O love, and hear my plaint !
Love-sick, I yearn for you.

You've made a Kartik full moon peak and pine,
Seeking you over hill and dale.

How hard to watch youth waste away —
O, what price to pay for love !

Masval, yemberzal and pomegranate blossoms
I offer at your feet, my love.

Your eyes are swords of blandishment,
Well aimed straight at my heart.

Both love and torment flow from you —
You are both the wound and the balm.

My blood joins now with streams of tears.
Like scattered necklace pearls I lie !

You've cured so many with your loving eyes,
Buy why was no compassion left for me ?

The Bengal magicians were seized with despair
On beholding your eyes like cups of wine.

Mahjoor would reveal all his deepest thoughts,
If he were truly free to open out his heart !

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XII

(atee roz madanvara qadman ha lagay paaree)

Stay your feet, my love, to let me kiss them
With my life. O, listen to my tale of woe !

You know no kindness, pity, mercy, faith !
How strange, my sweetheart ! O, turn back
From your cruel sport of inflicting pain !

Being an artless woman, not knowing where to go,
I can do no more than nurse the pain of love.

Pouring out my woes, when we met long ago,
Made me feel so light, all anger melting away.

As modesty dictates, I confined the fire
To my bosom ; but couldn't his heart soften,
Knowing what thorns I have borne ?

The dark wine cups of your eyes promised
Unearthly bliss. False hope ! Couldn't they
At least desist from slaying hearts ?

He revealed his radiant form just to show
That he could overpower running game and kill,
Like one would fell a cypress !

I can't bear the agony, and will run after my love,
Track him in every street, seek him in every shop.

Stop, Mahjoor ! Who'll read these tales of love ?
Keep love in your heart, for love is not for sale.

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XIII

(atee rozu katha bozu madanvaara atee roz)

Sweetheart, stay a moment, and hear me speak.
I crave only to gaze at you — O stay !

Why be cross with me, why tear me apart ?
O, why drive me to immolate myself ?

Listening to you is tasting nectar ! And what sweetness
Flows from your crystal teeth and luscious lips !

O the splendid perfection of your form,
Where each part builds up to a dazzling whole !

The bulbul was heard saying under the pomegranate bush
'O flaming flower, how close you resemble my rose !'

How coolly you leave after causing havoc in my heart !
You'll have to tell me now where I shall live and how.

My heart is lacerated with your wanton use
Of powerful spear thrusts of cruel spite.

You leave at dusk, all dressed in white. Tread softly,
My dearest, and tell me why you want to go !

O stay ! Remember I left home in youth and innocence,
In mad pursuit of you, stumbling, falling on the way.

Why lie concealed to watch the fun
Of shooting barbed shafts from your eyes ?
Don't I bare my bosom to all your darts ?

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Why lie concealed to watch the fun
Of shooting barbed shafts from your eyes ?
Don't I bare my bosom to all your darts ?

How I fell, and lay prostrate and shattered,
Like a pearl necklace whose string had snapped,
And became a target for public taunts !

O sun, when you hid behind the cloud in anger,
I burnt like lightning in the fire of love.

Love's fever laid me low ; its fire singed my skin.
But did you ever ask what yearning filled my heart ?

Rasul Mir, who unveiled love's gnawing pain,
Has come again, reborn as Mahjoor. Just wait and see !

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XIV

(doori roozith tsoori kamí niv myon dil)

Who stole my heart from far away ?
Bring back that youthful heart to me !

Like a bulbul trapped in a clapnet,
My heart is caught in a snare of curls.

Lovers call the heart a precious ruby.
Well, we'll have it valued in beauty's street.

Tell me, friend, where the heart should go
If before you lie both sacred texts and sensuous charms !

Love gives the heart unceasing pain.
We must rock the heart in the bosom of love !

He's a king who protects the heart's brittle glass ;
He's wise for whom it's the precious Jam-e-Jam !

For a meaningful life and a mind without fetters,
Infuse new blood into your old veins !

Mahjoor, have a happy heart, unwraped by doubt,
And the world will reflect the joy within you !

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XV

(baaghi nishat ke gulo)

Flower of Nishat Bagh,
Come with your graces,
Come with your laughter,
Come showering pearls !

When you entered the garden,
The kusum kissed you,
The yemberzal glowed with passion.
Come filling glasses !

See, spring has come
To Dal, Nishat and Shalamar,
O, use these my aching eyes as boats !
Come rowing across !

Stranger to all pity,
O hard-hearted tyrant !
See my bloom is wasted.
Come, love me true.

Who'll heed my woes
But you, my love.
I'm dying of grief.
Come showering love !

Mad after achhiposh,
You have chosen retreat.
But, come setting jewels
On the anklets of sonaposh !

God grant we never part,
Nor pull down what we've built !
Keep singing this song
Of Mahjoor, and come !

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XVII

(kya sanaa yiyi na su dilbar)

Won't my beloved leave that frown,
And show his lovely face ?
My bosom is consumed in the fire of love.

Won't he glide into the garden ?
Buds will burst into ecstatic bloom,
Hyacinths open out amazed,
And the bulbuls will be mad with joy

If he favours me with a visit,
I'll pray he softens his ire,
Beg for his forgiveness and the boon
Of his kindness and love.

I dare not meet him on the road,
When I see him from afar.
Won't he halt his step to help me
Gaze at him by stealth ?

If he comes, I'd beg he stays,
And pour out all my woes.
Won't he listen and understand,
And put a balm on my wounded heart ?

When he wakes up from slumber,
Opening his lovely eyes,
The world of men will wake up too,
And also jealous strife.

Won't he offer me a drink
From those brimful goblets on display ?
For love's laws lay down a tithe
On beauty's wealth for lovers ?

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If he just looks at the garden,
Wouldn't the flowers tear their robes,
And lie down in eternal sleep ?

If leaving all bygones and anger,
He comes to visit me,
I shall recount most faithfully
All the suffering I have borne.

Jewels dance round his face,
Like the stars round the moon.
O, how the pearls adorn his ears !
Why doesn't he make them swing ?

I filled all beds with flowers,
Adorned them with loving hands,
Hoping that masval and jessamine
May wean him from his frivolous ways.

In whom can I confide
How my heart lies lacerated ?
Let him open my bosom —
It would cure him of his spite !

Mahjoor will soon send him a letter,
Written in his own blood.
He might then listen, see the pain,
And be fair in love's domain !

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XVIII

(ranga ranga pholimuti vaari gul)

The garden is ablaze with diverse hues.
O bulbul, behold these flowers
In the assembled gorgeous court !

Yemberzal, rose, pomegranate blossom
And hyacinth — each magnificient !
What a lovely roll of colours !

The sensual lover dotes on colour —
The evanescent beauty of spring.
His friendship dies when the bloom is gone.

Beauty's everlasting, the bulbuls say,
For splendid flowers of diverse hues
Are always seen in bloom.

Come to the garden early, and mark
Who helps keep flowers in trim,
And makes them bloom ere break of dawn,

What keen expectancy fills the air,
The well-groomed beds and the flowers
That strain their eyes on the bush !

A drink of morning dew relieves
The heart that's bowed with grief —
It's only the garden where the sick get healed.

The morning breeze wafts abroad
Praise of the beauty of flowers,
Which fills all lovers with longing.

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One with music in his soul
Alone can diagnose pain,
And grade flowers in this saffron field.

Mahjoor, your poems and speech must show you
Not as a florist, but as a flower.
Then only can you claim flowers.

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XX

(poshi vuni baghuch poshi gondari ye)

Bouquet from Beauty's everlasting garden,
Heemaal of Heaven or Caucassian fairy —
O peasant girl, what grace ! what beauty !

Flowering plant in the woodland of freedom,
Who filled your buds with fragrance ?
Whose brush painted you in gorgeous rainbow colours ?

Exquisite beauty, how simple is your attire,
With neither flashy border nor brocade !
O bright Kartik moon, draped in black clouds !

Queen of the fairies, you roam in freedom
In glens and fragrant bowers,
Like a honey bee gathering pollen.

With song on your lips, O bright song bird,
You glide among flowers, scattering fragrance,
Like sweet basil leaves growing wild on green banks.

I heard you singing on the heights
Like one playing on the harp in ecstasy,
And the fairies clapped their hands in joy.

What gulfs between you and high-born dames !
You are the soul of freedom and flowers,
And the dames languish in shuttered prisons.

When you entered tne garden — O what coy grace ! —
What did the flowers whisper to you ?
You've robbed the bulbuls of their speech.

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You wear no jewels, but your lovely skin
Sparkles with millions of them !
Glory to the jeweller who wrought this miracle !

Your hair, innocent of purchased scents,
Frames a face whence flows such heady wine
As for its hue and power has no compeer.

O those gushing springs of bashfulness !
The houries envy your grace, and yet
You're framed in virtue, strong-souled maiden.

I saw you working in the field,
Singing a love song, your sleeves rolled up,—
O what rough work for those delicate arms !

O the loveliness of those sweat-soaked arched eyebrows !
How many are the hearts that it has slain !
O urn full of wine, beware your own drink !

Flower among fairies, let not the primrose path tempt you !
May you escape the deadly embrace of sloth
And the wayward doom of unbridled desire !

Mahjoor, how sweet are your songs !
They have a depth of meaning for the knowing souls
Who don't dismiss them as a fabric of words.

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XXI

(vesiye kya malaala rot Jaanaanan)

Friend, why is my love so cross with me
That he has chosen to live in fairylands ?
To whom shall I reveal my agony ?

He left to roam in meadows of flowers.
When he rested for a moment under the pomegranate trees,
Bright buds burst into ecstatic bloom.

When lovers' hearts were put up for sale,
The bidding was so brisk in the market of love
That sweet-bosomed belles got eleven for a cowrie !

The belle, far gone on jewels and trinkets,
Adorned hereself in her splendid room,
Till the storm of love ended this madness of youth.

When she straightened the coils of her lovely curls,
Light dived into her pearls to hide,
And breezes wafted her fragrance to flowers.

Her lovely face, under the canopy of curls,
Shone like a king, flanked by his guards,
Or like the radiant moon at the dead of night.

My mind, like one roaming in the desolation
Of forests, mountains and appalling wastes,
Suffered an agony I cannot describe.

A flower among thorns, who know not his worth,
Is like a wise man lost among fools.
Born of the same mother, they think they're equal !

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In the agony of separation, I visited faqirs,
Tied votive rags in various shrines,
Sought him on dark nights in the pir's abode.

Plant my heart in a flower vase,
For it grew where the fragrant hyacinths bloom,
Remaining faithful to the opening buds.

Mir's old wine fills new cups now.
Stocks have reached all taverns for sale.
Pour it into glasses, Mahjoor, and serve !

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XXII

(laala yiyi saala chhas pyaala barnaavaan)

My sweetheart is coming as my guest !
I'm making garlands of flowers,
Filling glasses and carpeting bowers in Shalamar !

Looking at the garden from this height,
I feel lost, seeing departing caravans
Of flowers slowly on the move.

My tears roll down in streams
When he is far away from me,
And I am pierced with taunts.

One moment he makes me roam in heaven,
Where the houries envy my swinging ear rings ;
But very soon he lays me low on the dust !

How oft he has made me swallow grief !—
Not that I record these episodes,
For though he slays, he does restore my life.

To watch him enjoy the meadow flowers,
I lie hiding in the forest shades,
With sylvan fairies singing songs of love.

His words lie enshrined in my heart — a secret
Which my lips don't know, like the gardener
Doesn't know what the gul tells the bulbul !

With lovinhg care I adorn myself with garlands
And scent my jessamine skin,
But, O how futile, if my lord accepts me not !

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My diamond was tested in every shop
In the market of love, but wouldn't sell,
Found wanting because of a fault.

My ardent love saps my strength.
When I lie down by his side,
For he doesn't unbutton his heart 1

I'm unnerved when he's annoyed with me,
But I nurse the pain in my heart ;
Or, like Mahjoor, weave my complaints into songs.

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XXIII

(nera haa sanyaas lagith .....)

I long to put on saffron robes
And find out where my love has gone,
Roam in every town and village
And over hill and dale.

I'd glide into his bower
With love in every limb,
And gather in my eyes a bouquet
Of flowers that do not fade.

If my love would only look at me,
Leaving his high disdain,
I'd be the Shravan jessamine,
Abloom with youth and joy

I hear the God of Love will come to the Dal
And spend the night at Telbal
O could I become a patient loins
In the lake to watch him pass !

Variegated flowers bloom,
Some with ravishing perfumes ,
But among them all I long to find
The one that does not fade.

He came to see me unexpected ;
How could I show him the anguish
Of my love ? I'd have revived
If he had stayed a moment

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I long for him to come and hear
The song of my love-sick soul ;
I'd tune the strings of love
In my heart's harp with joy.

If his flint heart will melt
Only with my tears,
I shall weep a rain of blood
From my eyes every day.

I wonder how they will react
To Mahjoor's songs of love.
I'd love to hear and shall wait,
And would listen with all my ears !

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XXIV

(suli gatsh bedaar guli bostaanay)

It's break of dawn, O flower in the garden,
Listen to the bulbul's impassioned song !
Wake up and open your wild eyes !
Listen to the bulbul's impassioned song !

The blackbird sings with full abandon,
The wild mynah chants your song of love,
O my beloved with sleepy eyes !

Many a cup has the yemberzal failled :
Be my guest, O bumble bee,
I'll lodge you in my eyes !

Though fully equipped for a splendid bloom,
Buds always value the gold of silence ;
For words betray, and fragrance floats away !

Mark the poignance deep in the tunes
That song birds play on their instruments —
Tunes that have filled lovers with ecstasy.

O morning breeze, you alone know
The hidden soul of flowers !
How could you make them unfold their bloom ?

The goal is reached through sacrifice
And purity, like the anklet clings
With disinterest to the dancer's feet.

Mahjoor, to know what a flower is,
Wait patiently, and hear him speak —
He has come with a message and a symbol.

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XXV

(volo laala royo diluk daag haavay)

O love, as lovely as the tulips in bloom ! Be my guest ;
I've kept brimful goblets of wine for you ! —
And O, let me show you my lacerated heart !

How prompt to promise faith, but how faithless
You have been ! How shall I tell you
How promptly you forgot your first love !

Placing at your feet my life, the only thing I have,
Is now the only way I can offer you my love.

Else, I will hug you hard, and with blood gushing out
Of my torn heart, dye you in crimson guilt.

You have chosen to hide, but I shall tear my veil,
And you will find my corpse lying at your door.

Without you, like the arawal, I passed my days on thorns,
And the fire of love blighted me well before autumn came.

O, come and hear me speak ! How else can I reveal
The havoc that love has wrought in my heart !

Flowers have dyed their robes bright with my tears.
Where will you dye yours, beloved, when I am no more ?

O, could I, like Mahjoor, compose songs on love's agony,
And implore devotees of love to pass them on to you !

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XXVII

(maaramati aawara karthas .....)

Beloved, you drove me distracted,
But you could also save me now !
Come by surprise, and fill thirsty cups
With the wine of love.

My broken heart lies captive
In the garden of love.
Couldn't you spare an odd moment
Just to watch the fun ?

A beggar of love stands at your door,
Asking for your charity;
Wouldn't a few words from you shame
The world's choicest sweets ?

Your coming caused a frenzied bloom
In Nishat and Shalamar.
Cross the Dal again, O lover of flowers,
To set the whole lake in bloom !

See what present I've brought for you —
The pupils of my eyes !
Won't you accept them and use them
As gems to adorn your ear rings ?

I said : Beloved, you broke faith,
Reducing me to ashes.
He called me void of love,
For love wouldn't question faith !

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Couldn't you have shown mercy,
When you stole my heart,
In not burning even the seat
Where my heart was lodged ?

Mahjoor's gazals play fresh tunes
On the harp of love.
You could read them to know to whom
He sings and what he says.

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XXVIII

(malaala travith tsu saala yikhnaa)

I'll make garlands of flowers,
And fill cups of wine for you,
For to think of you is ecstasy !
O, leave your frowns and come !

I hear you are at Zabarwan,
With your bow strung for game.
I'll row across from Naseem Bagh,
To offer my head for your aim.

The thrush and the lark sing of my grief
At being torn from you !
O, who will play you this symphony,
My sweetheart, when I'm gone ?

I bloomed in the forest as a Shravan jessamine,
Lying ever in wait for you !
You haven't seen my summer bloom ;
I'll fade with the automn wind !

You hid yourself, and wasted me.
Who whispered what to make you cold ?
But I'll pursue you as a mendicant,
Since I cannot stay away !

I collected my heart's blood crystals,
Preserved them all night long,
As remembrances and souvenirs
With which I shall adorn your collar.

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I'll come out, not afraid
Of hostile talk and taunts,
And quite unabashed, tell every one
Whose love has consumed me thus.

Separation withered up the yemberzal,
But love has brought her back !
She will love you over again,
Offering her eyes at your feet !

Mahjoor pleads you come again,
Stay a while and talk to him.
He will play on royal harps
And sing new songs for you !

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XXIX

(tshaayi roodham karthas zaaye)

Let me rock you in my arms,
O high-born man, my sweetheart !
Left alone by you, I waste away.

The early morning breeze appeared
So excited in his quest
That flowers couldn't contain their mirth

The Quran affirms love to be
Man's most effulgent grace.
That's also what the Gita says.

You left without informing me,
Leaving me in the wilderness,
Like a jessamine fading away.

Naagiray came with furtive steps
To Heemaal of Balapur,
To break her pride with the storm of love.

Ear rings under your dark curls
Are like two babes of noble birth,
Nursed in the arms of swarthy slaves.

Jewels and paste are but tinsel aids
To build up an outward show.
Mahjoor, don't be beguiled by gilt !

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XXX

(Zara Zara thovnam Zara Kotah)

With deep-seated grief and pain in every fibre,
I wonder when love carved its image in my heart !

My eyes welled up with tears when I remembered
How he sat relaxed in a boat alone,
Leaving me tossing on the waves !

Playing false, he robbed me of all I had —
My heart, soul, peace and endurance, Who knows
If he flung them to the winds
Or put them up for sale !

Long I strove to hide the grief that strangled me ;
But my oft-repeated fairy tale itself gave me away !

'Can you spend you life in fire ?' he'd said.
'That's the test of love !' What irony !
I was destined to spend my whole life in fire !
One who rules a garden, birds glorify in song.
How sad that he too overblows and wastes away !

I lay trampled down, forsaken. O grief unspeakable !
I was like a pearl necklace pulled asunder by love.

How would the morning breeze know
Why the bulbul complains ? He comes early,
And slinks away, folding up his skirt !

Mahjoor, you do not drink, nor serve wine to others ;
But the world finds your songs more potent than wine !

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XXXI

(vesi vanta darda baagas aamut bahar aasya)

Friend, has springtime come to the garden of love,
And is my sweetheart out enjoying love's bloom ?

The breeze will wake up, at break of dawn,
The sleeping flowers in all beds.
But I wonder if the bulbul would be awake !

Amazed at his tireless mission to stain her name
From pole to pole, the dew-drenched masval asks the breeze:
'Could a soul like his have ever known rest ?'

I am unburdening my heart to the rose,
For I may never get a chance to speak
To my love when I meet him face to face.
How cruelly he forsook me after clipping off my wings !
Has ever a bird been left crippled and wounded thus ?

A new amorous passion fills his heart,
Or malicious whispers flood his mind.
Else, why without cause his stony stare ?

I said : 'Stay a moment ; hear me with patience !'
He said : 'How long am I to listen to your endless plaints ?'

The blackbird said to the crow : 'How senseless
This cawing ! When you see that he is drunk,
How can his heart be awake ?'

Mahjoor, both gul and bulbul are all ears to what you say.
I hope the discerning understand what that implies !

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XXXII

(vuchh me kun vaara lagay)

I. . :art is consumed with longing,
Waiting for you, wasting away !
My life lies offered at your feet.
O bless it with your look of grace !

All flowers of the field, one after another —
Yemberzal, hyacinth, rose and masval —
Lay down their lives in adoration

Each one enters the garden fully equipped
With his peculiar essence — the gul with fire,
The bulbul with the music of the heart.

Some souls in the garden are awake, while some
Are inebriated by delusions and passions —
The fountain heads of all strife !

Some have narrow horizons, some are wearing
Various fetters of the mind — and all lie trapped
In the snares spread by the superb hunter.

That the beloved will soon arrive
Fills the bulbul with delight, and all flowers
Have donned the flowing robes of spring.

From the gardener's eyes the same love flows
To all flowers It's only the florist
Who picks and chooses flowers.

We now have flowers made of paper.
They have become a rage ! And this new passion
Fills all the bulbuls with gratitude !

It's a tale of love, Mahjoor ! Make your language sweet.
Appeals and laments can't vibrate with life
Without the leaven of love !

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XXXIV

(nunda bani dilbar Myaani .....)

How shall I tell you, O beautiful one,
A Heemaal, enmeshed in your love,
Is pining, wasting away for you —
O Naagiray, how shall I tell you ?

Sweet thrush, you've hidden in distant woods
While, like the wild Jessamine's,
My bloom is falling off, petal by petal —
How shall I tell you ?

I waited like a patient glacier,
Melting with yearning for you ;
At last, grown desperate, I hurled myself
Into the Ganga of love.

Since you were in breathless haste, I couldn't
See your face or pour out my heart,
But stood speechless, with floods of tears
Streaming from my eyes.

'Lose, if you would find !' Realizing this,
My heart became Rama, subduing Ravana,
And the Lanka of all my fears
Was burnt down to ashes.

Beloved, you showed no compunction
When you placed me on the rack
And left, warning me that no one ever
Should learn about my fate.

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Breezes stole into beauty's world,
Causing ripples of desire ;
Long tresses are still a-tremble,
And O ! the havoc in my heart !

O breeze of love ! why do you tease
The simple rose of my heart ?
You've made the hawk neighbour to the bulbul —
How shall I tell you ?

Which jealous dame has won your ear
To make me lose your love ?
You were always guided by others' views —
How shall I tell you ?

I've come to offer you all I have —
The pieces of a broken heart.
Alas ! like the masval, that's all I have ! —
How shall I tell you ?

I've been fading away like the morning dew
From the day you drifted away,
When I had a long lingering look at you
And reeled — O, how shall I tell you ?

I would gaze long at the path you took
But they are watching my eyes.
I hear they're going to put a watch
Soon over my beating heart.

O rose-faced beloved, forsaking me,
You turned your heart to others ;
On worthless thorns you lavished love —
How shall I tell you ?

Mahgoor, in his own wistful way
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

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XXXV

(pholham tsu patime Pyaari)

O rose, you blossomed in my life,
When my world was young and gay,
And caught me as a songbird in a net,
With tumult in my heart !

I sailed out like the Kartik moon,
All aglow with love.
Now my swan's neck is bent, O rose,
My youth has melted away !

A yemberzal, full of love,
Came with brimming cups of wine —
Her wistful downcast eyes
Stealing a hungry look at you.

Yearning made me delve deep
Into all the books on love,
And fill all chambers of my heart
With these precious tomes.

You failed our tryst at Yaarivan.
And dazed and rooted
Like a forest pine,
Your Heemal pined for love.

It can't be without cause
That you're dressed in crimson robes !
Wherefrom have you come, O rose,
Dyed thus in human blood ?

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Thousands flock at your gate,
Wearing fragrant blooms of spring —
Amorous youth and pretty dolls,
Each consumed with longing.

The florist's eye knows each flower's worth.
It isn't deceived by colour !
He can spot out where iris lies
Mixed with saffron flowers.

Fragrance in the breeze whets
The bulbul's thirst for beauty.
But, O rose, Mahjoor looks
For something more in you !

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XXXVI

(baalayaar neerith gom baali baalee)

My love has left me, and gone over the hills.
O, what shall I do with my youth,
Left by him as my living scourge ?

Leaving the flowering field with empty hands,
O yemberzal ! wherefrom and for what did you get
This gold goblet and this silver tray ?

O flash lightning of youth's firmament !
O radiant torch of heaven !
Beware of the illusion of hope !

His queens, sending gifts for Naagiray,
Sowed doubt in Heemaal's heart :
'Make him reveal himself !' they said.
His love doubted, he vanished away.
O belle, wear ear rings of love, and seek
Your hermit all over the mountain range.
Only then can you find him at Harmukh !

The unseasonal flowers, seemingly unbidden,
Arrived as always when the time was ripe,
Being kissed into bloom by the autumn sun.

O Poshimaal, come out and see
What fire consumes the flowers,
How love attacks beauty in the bud !

In my garden bright red flowers are abloom.
They've drawn many an ardent lover —
Outside bulbuls for native flowers !

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For a brief while I had my sway,
Deflowering every bush and plant,
Till the mask of my youth faded away.

Song birds swarmed in my balcony,
Delighting me with choral songs,
But they were soon gone, leaving
Empty nests before midsummer.

Mahjoor, no harm your wearing a rich attire,
Or enjoying beauty's roseate hue —
But your mind must retain its poise !

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XXXVII

Yemberzal

He placed me in a predicament !
Bewildered, what can a yemberzal
Say to others, like the spring,
The morning breeze and the dew ?

Spring has sent me with a message,
And I came running all the way —
But how shall I say spring's leaving fast,
And what am I to say to summer ?

And what shall I say to violet,
Ivy, sumbal and the yellow flower —
Our lovely guests — eager to know
When the lover of flowers will come ?

I am perplexed when the bulbul
Asks for news from there !
I may evade him on some excuse,
But how shall I bluff my own heart ?

When the garden woke up early dawn,
The breeze had gone away,
How shall I explain why he chose
A burglar's style to wake up the buds ?

Who estranged me from my darling bee,
The light of my eye, for whom I pine ?
What he seeks now, how can I gather
From this medley of gay and wistful notes

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After giving each flower a morning wash,
The dew just packs away !
Having watched his acts of selfless love,
How do I account for his fading away ?

I lie in a corner, stunned, abashed.
How on earth can I describe
What these eyes of mine have seen
On my way to that distant goal ?

Mahjoor came with me to see the garden.
How shall I tell him there's nothing we share ?
For while I'm lost observing myself,
He's thrilled by the feast for the eyes !

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XXXVIII

(baaliye hyes ta hosh hay rovum)

O friend, my mind is all distraught !
Who weaned my lord of love from me ?
Whose witchcraft made him hostile ?

I taught the bulbul songs of love —
Songs that woke up all the flowers.
But I ignored the bird of the mind !

When I poured out my heart to the smiling bush,
The flowers were all aflame with a tearing passion ;
I quenched their fire with my tears.

My manifestation, bearing both infidel fragrance
And the colour of the faithful, amazed the garden,
And all hearts of stone decamped in fright.

I posted the poshinool at flower beds
To reveal the truth with a sensible mind,
And inscribe the same on the petals of all flowers.

I dyed my robe in the colour of the sky ;
But since it manifested constant change,
My own true colour was lost.

I wanted to know from the horoscope
The date when he and I would meet.
But the jyotshi went wrong, and I was lost.

My many complaints made me lose him at Chhanazal
(Did he suspect a hidden attack ?)
At Toramjalan he was angry, and I lost him again !

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Waking up the dew-drenched bud from sleep,
I saw that he wouldn't last, and gave him
The wine of love, and left him full of nectar.

I bedecked myself with eagerness,
And scent from my body floated wide ;
But he chose rather to see my mind !

I made Mahjoor sing songs of love
Which alone can chase the blues away.
That's how I composed my distracted heart.

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XXXIX

(laala miyon manz shaalamaaran .....)

My beloved may be with his friends
In shalamar, showering his radiance
On lawns and waterfalls.

I'd pour out my heart but dare not,
For as he ever does, he may twist my words
As subtle hints to prove that I am false.

Superb artist ! I found him resting
At a spring of pearls —
Perhaps he was threading them for belles
As beautiful as pearls !

Love's clear call rings in the woods,
Reverberates in hill and dale ;
Perhaps it's the same call that makes
The streams and rivulets roar.

Vernal green fills the world ;
All flowers are in bloom,
May be, Spring has also made
The flower in my garden bloom.

Lulling me to sleep, he left,
Perhaps to roam in the hills ;
Maybe he is, like the moon,
Studding the stars with gems.

I roamed in many a market,
And asked all the merchants
If love was on display there
As an article for sale.

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Great anxiety fills the hearts
Of yemberzal and hyacinth
That the lover of flowers may be now
In dalliance with roses !

Mahjoor's heart is always full
Of the lofty flights of love.
And maybe it's the fire of love
That has burnt his house and home!

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XL

(sangar maalan pyev praagaash)

Black night has ended, and day has dawned ! —
See light has kissed all mountain peaks,
And the tulip is all aglow.

Hawks can't escape from the garden's slingers !
O bulbul, shed fear and plume your wings.
From now on, your faith will rule.

Flower bushes bear autumn's havoc, knowing
That spring will surely come and probe !
He alone survives who faces ordeals.

The gardener always prunes those trees
Who start growing out of size.
Thus watch your thoughts at every step !

The tulips will blaze the torch of love,
Irradiating heaven with that light.
While yemberzal pours out the wine of dew.

The sunflower has arranged her plates
With gold coins from love's firmament.
The tulip with his incense wishes him joy.

Look for the meaning in Mahjoor's symbols.
Explaining them will profane the truth !
The wise will listen, the fools evade.

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XLI

(bulbul chhu baraan chaav .....)

The bulbul rejoices that winter's gone,
Gay spring has come again.
The spring breeze is all a flutter, sensing
Keen expectancy in the air.

Flowers have set up beauty stalls
In the gardens of love.
See what's written on flower petals,
To know what beauty means !

The early breeze hinted to the crow :
'Don't waste your time on words !
The meaning does not matter here ;
You better learn the art !'

Why should men of stature shun
The company of lesser men ?
How does a flower feel at home,
Being in the midst of thorns ?

I tried to conceal my inner self,
But it did burst forth
Like fragrance always issues out,
Tearing the chest of the flower.

Gazing hard at all the flowers,
Mistaking each for my beloved,
I found them all silent. The bulbul said,
'Why must you raise a strife ?"

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Flowers wither in autumn,
But come again in spring.
Life always returns after death ;
So leave the fear of death.

When summer ends, all flowers take flight
At the sight of the autumn wind ;
But you must always remember
That autumn too does not last.

Mahjoor, there is no Kashmiri
Who has recognised you so far.
Those who will know you, except a few,
Have not yet been born.

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XLII

(shaad sapnum dil me boozum)

The news that he'll be our guest tonight
Fills my heart with boundless joy —
My dearest friend, with heart and eyes
Brimming over with constant love !

The gardener, moving round the bushes
And adorning the garden, says :
To waft the news all abroad
That the Lord of Love will come.

The freshness of the yemberzal,
The youth of the hyacinth,
The bulbul's enchanting melodies
Are all offerings at his feet.

With honest virtue standing guard,
Verdure need fear no ravage.
Those who were busy amassing wealth
Will fall like autumn leaves.

How enamourned of me was everyone
When I was draped in blossoms !
And, O how stones were hurled at me,
When the blossoms changed to fruit !

The flower, who is the prophet of spring,
Has with him four constant friends —
Fragrance and the morning breeze,
The singing bulbul and the dew.

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Flowers are slaves of time,
But the bulbul knows no such fetters !
Would you like to be a gul or a bulbul ? —
The choice is always yours !

Mahjoor, your words, the seekers feel,
Are no less than life-giving nectar.
Were you not a serving halqadar,
We'd call you a hallowed saint !

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XLIII

(az roz saane dilbar myane)

Listen, O loveliest
Sweetheart of mine !
Stay here today !

The table is laid
And glasses filled
For you, my love.

Your lovely face
Has kindled love,
O, my Leila !

Guls display their robes
To tell the bulbuls
What love means.

Stay a while with me,
And hear the plaint
Of a virtuous beauty.

How would the flower know
The bulbul's agony
And the longing of love.

Age may wither
My love-lorn frame,
But my love won't age.

With pure adoration,
The dew made for you
A garland of pearls.

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I am destined
To bear separation,
And burn in fire.

All my adornment
With an endless wait
Is wasted away.

Along with Mahjoor,
As promised, I dropped
All conventional ties.

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XLIV

(ha gulo tohi maa sa vuchvan .....)

O flowers, did you see my love ? O bulbuls,
Won't you help me find where he has gone ?

Seeking him among flowers, I asked the yemberzals
If he who had charmed me had now come to visit them.

The excited pomegranate blossoms flushed the garden red—
Their flaming colour a symbol of my new-born fire of love !

O come to me on the pretext of visiting flowers —
It won't be a lie, for you will make my garden bloom !

How would he know how I nursed love's agony ?
A love-lorn heart lay languishing in silence !

I spent my life like the jessamine flower,
The slender branch never feeling my weight.

I always hoped he would come one day ;
The hope remained, while my youth faded away !

I sold my love, obtaining sorrow in return—
That has been my story in the market of love !

Realizing the truth at last, broken-hearted Mahjoor
Says that his beloved never had any compassion !

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XLVI

(dil zoltham me naaray)

Beloved, how cruel you have been to wreck my heart,
Baking it slowly over a smouldering fire !

Couldn't you spare a night, and slowly whisper
Loving words, with no frown on your face ?

Dressed in royal robes, you came through the dark
At dawn; and when the evening shadows came,
Glided slowly out of the garden.

You softly opened the eyes of the buds,
Filled them with envy of your smiling face,
And left them to slowly fade away.

I'll wait for him in the garden in midwinter frost,
For who knows my flowers may slowly bloom again !

You plied me with many a cup, and left me
Quite unstrung ! Where have you slowly disappeared ?
Why leave me forlorn so young ?

I offer you my life, O quintessence of purity,
Whose grace makes virtue lodge even in those unworthy !

If you do not fail to visit me in dreams,
It'll be a slow balm to the agony of separation.

Mahjoor's heart is in a whirlpool of grief and pain.
O, slowly tune the strings of the rabaab of love !

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XLVII

(subuh chhum baagh chhum)

With fresh youth and a passionate heart,
And my morning just begun,
I'd drink delight in the living hue
Of all bewitching flowers.

My heart's garden is in bloom,
And I am in the midst of flowers.
I don't need to adorn them,
Or invite excited bulbuls !

Why fill our glass with foreign brew,
Or alien pockets with our wealth ?
This must cease. A new orientation
Must begin in my own home !

Bulbuls faint when they watch me
Shaping flowers with my hands.
They should know that if I can shape
A bulbul, I can also shape a flower !

Poor bulbuls' blood has been used
By flowers to dye their robes.
This stops now. They' ll get a new dye ;
But before that, they 'll have to have new faces !

The florist says to the poshinools :
I must put to rest all strife —
Of bulbuls chasing flowers,
And the bee the yemberzal.

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I visit markets not to buy or sell,
But to see how I can stand
The lure of heaps of fraudulent goods
And the spell of blood-stained wealth.

My aim is not to show I'm wise,
Or make a bee line for fame,
But to share my honest thoughts on life
With friends and genuine souls.

I have both courage and means.
And since the time is ripe,
I must now launch my flying carpet
To make our foes lick the dust.

Flower bushes have shrivelled up,
Fountains have ceased to flow.
I must ascend the heavens,
And bring a shower of rain.

I have to lay a new garden,
And to build a new world !
I must plant lasting flowers,
And bring bulbuls who will stay.

Being insensible, being submissive
Poisons life's perennial joy.
I'll storm this citadel of moral stupor
With the guns of identity.

No longer will there be in my world
The arrogant man of wealth,
Who claims luxury as a birthright,
While ruin stalks poor men's homes.

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There shall be a single gate
That leads to various homes —
Mosques, temples and churches,
Pilgrims' homes and shrines of saints.

The time is not far when Kashmir
Will reawaken the eastern world.
I must ensure that this message
Reaches every soul in my land.

Mahjoor is filling glasses with wine,
And says he will serve
All friends and foes alike,
For it is the wine of love !

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XLVIII

(vesiye aadnuk yaar kot gom)

Where has he gone, my dearest friend,
My heart's mainstay, my lord of love,
That accomplished soul, my garland of pearls ?

I moved fast, but arrived nowhere
At nightfall. The goal was far away,
And my exuberant youth was gone !

Autumn winds left me distraught,
With silent blackbirds and withered flowers.
O, where is my flowering spring ?

Chasing him, my feet were sore,
My youth in bloom was blown away.
How cruel to leave me desolate !

With a passion that gripped me, body and soul,
I got the headiest wine, drank long and deep.
But where is that fine intoxication gone ?

The faith which I avowed till now,
I now recant, with no one prompting me.
O, what happened to my wisdom at this stage ?

When Mahjoor is seen no more,
The wild rose will ask the hyacinth :
Where is that warm indulgent soul ?

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XLIX

(dil tambalaavaan jalva haavaan)

O spring ! you are back again
With your ravishing beauty, stirring
Fading memories, waking up
Slumbering souls, unveiling
The essence of life, teaching belles
Seductive arts, helping men cease
Grieving over grievances foregone,
Breathing life into those who are dead,
And restoring damp souls to normal shape.
A new force in the music of flutes and fountains
Amazes those roused from slumber.
Buds burst open, displaying their charms,
And the bulbuls' hearts burst with ecstasy.
Streams and waterfalls are blest
With new instruments, which they now tune
To play the music of love.
You have come with a toast to the health
Of the love-sick, dust-laden yemberzal.
It's your day, O spring ! The flowers pay
Homage to you. Your comand will be obeyed.
Seeing you, the dumb have regained their speech,
And both buds and hearts have bloomed.
You came, a bridegroom with charming grace and gait,
And torches of love blazed bright all the way.
Though above all colour, you bring so many,
And gift them to different flower beds.
Caves, mosques and temples receive your light,
And sufis and sadhus your ecstasy.
Your arrival made Mahjoor's garden bloom
With your special gift of perennial flowers !

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L

(volaa karayo lolamata laay madno)

Sweetheart, save one languishing for love !
Let me rock you in my arms,
And seat you in my eyes !

Love's licking flames have burnt up my peace ;
Silent anguish will finish me young —
Maybe, it will bring you relief !

What anger shook your faith in me
To make you slowly drift away,
Leaving me so forlorn ?

I gathered rose buds of delight,
But winter's claim came soon
After the brief lease of summer and flowers,
Brushing aside many a hungry desire !

Enticing me in blooming youth,
You soon forsook me, retaining
Not a grain of your pledged affection !

May you live as long as Ruma Rishi,
You are beautiful — the evil eye be spared !
But your beauty makes you vain ! You forget
Each bush bears a thousand identical flowers !

Being cross with me, you chose other belles.
I faced the mockery of rivals and friends,
Becoming a target of public taunts.

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The houries of Paradise marvel at your features,
Your elegant stance, your winsome gait, and consider
The whole universe as not even your shadow !

I cry night and day, longing for you,
But it makes no dent on your compassion.
O, why do you assume such apathy, my love ?

Your barbed shafts and arrows of veiled hints
Bore holes in my heart — my bosom only a lattice now !
O, dont't shoot arrows dipped in venom !

How does Mahjoor vanish from your mind,
When his thoughts are the same as yours ?
Is it done giving up your dearest friend ?

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LI

(khosh rang khoshbo poshi vun gulzaari mohabat)

Eternal are the bright hues and radiance
Of the garden of love,
And love's ethereal resonance,
Unaided by voice or instrument !

Look at the happy camaraderie
Of flowers, each wearing a crown,
Symbol of love's welcome load,
Which I also sport from birth !

Some flowers are ruined by greed,
Thorns by the fire of anger,
It's the devotee of love alone
Who doesn't get destroyed.

Love and self interest these days
Have got mixed like milk and water —
So fine, perhaps, that there's none
Who can separate the two.

Winds howling over the sea of life
Leave a boat tossing on the waves ;
Love alone can help it breast the storm,
And reach the distant shore.

Intelligence may not help you
Complete a task for years ·
But love will lend you lightning speed
To see that it is through.

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The parrot picks up tutored speech
With his master's patient toil,
But who in the forest is there to teach
The wild mynah her songs of love ?

Dogmas of religion sow discord
Even between two brothers ;
While words of love build a bridge
Between two alien souls.

Lightning is not as swift as love.
Remember, it was a mere touch
Of love's effulgent radiance
That made the universe bright !

When the morning breeze floated in
With the message of love,
All flower branches bowed low,
Accepting the bond with you.

My childhood friends may not remain
With me all the way,
But love will ever abide by me
Till I have reached the goal.

The foolish flower hid his heart,
And waited on the bough for the highest bid,
Not knowing that it's the heart seeks love,
And the gul a bulbul full of love.

The greatest of all royal durbars
Ever held in the world,
Was the one where the king presented
The faqir with his royal crown.

Why fear death, O Mahjoor ?
Death is only an ascension,
Like the dew ascends to reach the sun —
Helped, of course, by love !

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LII

LIGHTNING
(Vuzamal)

Who clad your delicate frame in red,
O bright lightning, let me gaze
At you, bewitching in your splendour !

With equal thunder in town and village,
You blazed over Ahrabal, and down
Via Khanabal, showering the nectar of love.

Your zigzag form, like wavy hair
With plaits twirled all over the golden curls,
Or like wild flowers on sinuous stems !

Going to your husband's home in the evening
With bridal dress of sparkling starch,
You turned back soon to rush to your father's !

When you peeped under the curtain, we got a glimpse;
You too saw the whole world at a glance,
And soon wrapped yourself up again.

Which sage gave you the secret truth
That the world isn't good for spotless souls ?
O yemberzal, does that make you keep away ?

O gorgeous shape, if the world is evil,
Why do you often gaze at it ?
What desire draws you, O masval ?

What does it mean, you being attired
In red robes from top to toe ?
Does it signify innocent blood ?

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Your precious torch flames its light,
Now and again, to show the path
To those who have lost their way.

O blazing torch of the high skies !
Whom does your light seek so late at night,
Or you just love playing hide-and-seek ?

Fate has played foul with Mahjoor,
Giving him as comrades total strangers,
Who mistake his pearls as dust !

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LIV

(bu no zara madno doorer ćhon)

Should you leave furtively, O inconsiderate soul ?
Torn from you, how shall I ever survive ?
I would throw away for you both life and home.

O, don't greet my cries with unconcern.
Pray tell me what I should do to make
Our union last, to make you mine.

For love of you, I bedecked myself
In bridal dress, with painted nails.
How futile! You never thought of me.

Beauty changes minute by minute,
But love discerns it, despite the change.
Flowers change, the bulbul remains !

What could I do when my heart resolved
To bestow itself on a pitiless man ?
My fate has never been kind !

My dearest friend left me so scalded
That no spring breeze can make me bloom,
For the heart doesn't smile like obedient buds.

The heart of Mahjoor and the eyes of Makhmoor,
They live so close, yet so far apart.
The eyes do see, but it's the heart that knows !

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LV

(mani manz ganeyam raay chaanee)

Beloved, your lithe grace maddens me — my heart
Brimming over with love and longing !

Your arch glance, O thief of love,
Makes me love you to distraction !

Who really has your heart — friends you feed
On promises, or those on whom you lavish your time ?

Some have sought retreat in distant nooks,
Some roam over every mountain range,
Seeking you, following your elusive shadow !

Leave this hostile place, my love, and settle down
Where you always ought to be — a village of friends !

The early breeze approached the flowers,
Feather-touched them in soft and shadowy waves,
Presenting your demand for love !

Mahjoor finds whole villages
Loud in praise of your beauty ;
And the deep forests too, my love,
Are breathless in your praise !

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LVI

(maara mati vaara vati laag myon paan)

O Lord of Love, I surrender myself,
Body and soul to your will ! Show me
The right path, and sustain my failing courage !

The buds are amazed when they behold
Sunset fire and morning dew,
Black night and radiant flowering dawn.

Lightning struck my nest, high up
On the branch, setting it ablaze.
A fine illumination, the gardener thought !

Love's alchemy changed my dross into gold,
When its flames enveloped me from top to toe.
How false the fear my friends had fed me on !

How to one, whose mind is not awake,
Can winter and summer be different things ?
For what to him are feasts of flowers ?

The flower prides itself on beauty, and claims
Its fragrance, lovely tresses and its mole
Are a soothing balm for broken hearts.

Ephemeral, however, is his glory !
Death's harbingers, storm and decay,
Soon pursue him to an early grave.

The bulbul to the flower : 'Superb is your beauty,
But for one defect — you don't have speech !
And no one survives here without this gift !'

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Remember, life 's a queer blend of opposites —
Song and lamentation, bustle and haste,
Now dance, now clangerous din rending the air !

Bulbul, the householder, sees the flower,
His guest, arrive when day dawns, and depart
At dusk. He waits for the end of it all.

O Mahjoor, become the spring breeze
Moving towards the garden with slow steps,
And keep on waking up sleeping souls !

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LVII

(saatha tsu khor thahraav)

Stay a while, beloved, or make your steps
Soft and slow, so that you can be seen.

O leave that frown ! Just a kind look from you
Would heal all wounds and fulfil all desires.

Remember, I bore your shafts and nursed my wounds
In silence ! Come now as the healing balm !

Since you have a wealth of beauty, do you too,
Like all men of wealth, have a thirst for human blood ?

The Dal has supernal beauty with the lotus in bloom ;
I'll moor by boat at Zeethyar ; appear to me at Gopakar !

I don't need a rosary and wooden sandals on my feet,
For I seek you with my love. O, reveal yourself !

Don't follow men of shallow faith — mere sparks ! —
Offer your love to the lamp, if you seek enlightenment.

With jackals swarming into towns, tigers have sought
Sylvan retreat ! You too must leave this town now,
And surprise the meadow flowers.

Mahjoor is no savant ; but at times the urge
Grips him to dabble in the mysteries of love !

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LVIII

(sar traavas paadan tal)

With the light of my eyes as an ofering,
I'll prostrate myself at my beloved's feet,
And pour out my heart to him.

O spring breeze ! I'd like to ask :
You brought full bloom to dried up lakes ;
How could you forget my scalded heart ?

The flaming fire of love burns up
Impure lusts of the flesh, and the lover
Is free from the fetters of desire.

He played me false at the weir,
Leaving me floating in the middle of the river —
A trapped and helpless scapegoat.

In a lovely boat — he's so fond of tours ! —
I'll take him to the Ahrabal fair,
With my cups brimming over with love.

I'll show him the Yusmarg meadows,
Spread a velvet carpet under his feet,
And make the larks of Nilanag sing for him.

Cascading tears from my eyes
Will put Nishat and Ahrabal into the shade !
What else do I have to boast of ?

On the banks of the Hakura stream,
At Sangarwan or Nagabal,
I'll gaze at him from the heights.

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With shehnais playing down the bank of the Sindh,
I'll steer my boat to Manasbal,
Where I'll remind him of his pledge.

He leaves me perplexed — which he always does
To put the blame on me ! — Is he now in retreat,
Enjoying the breezes at Chadura spring ?

Should my love come to rest under Mahjoor's chinars
With the soft breeze blowing from the Arigam stream,
I'll spread jessamine under his feet !

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LIX

(kavo chhukh me travith tsalaan)

Was the promise you now break just casual words,
That you leave, dear friend, forsaking me ?

My words of love might melt your heart,
But my speech departs on meeting you !

My love for you makes me waste away,
But the love itself does not decay.

Perhaps clouds of my cries have caught you fast —
That's why your face is bathed in sweat.

With you as physician, death can't come,
For the patient never recovers, dear friend !

O how identical are thousands of flowers,
But no two men are ever alike !

Beauty never wore a face honest and whole,
But ever like the wavering, reflected moon.

When Mahjoor sees some lovely dame,
Passion does not seize his heart.

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LX

(dil miyon raavaan raavaan gav)

Haunting memories of bygone days,
And love songs ringing in my ears ! —
My heart is all at sea.

The flowers keep saying that nothing remains,
We've to forget the old and ring in the new ;
But the unfeeling gardener just counts his flowers !

The setting sun clothes heaven and earth
In a blaze of beauty, wakes up the moon
And the stars, lulling the flowers to sleep.

The caravan of dew leaves the garden at dawn,
With tears streaming down each eye.
But why do they wake up the patals of flowers ?

The flower folds his robes, one by one,
Cleanses his delicate frame,
And then lays it down to sleep.

The bulbul came out in spring to test
His love ; enjoyed bed after bed of flowers,
Till quite unnerved by the autumn wind.

Mahjoor came with the wine of love,
And kept serving it to all alike,
For it was a gift from heaven.

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LXI

(saaqiya aabaad roozin taa abad .....)

O saqi, may your wine never cease to flow,
And may your glass forever have
The radiance of the sun !

It's when thorns clutch your robe
In the darkness of the night,
That you'll know how close you are
To the flowers in the field.

Your mosque and your temple
Are manifest round your eyes —
Your eyebrows solemn pulpits,
Your face a divine image.

When a leaf with the swaying breeze
Floated down at dusk,
The moth saw it as the candle's message
To immolate himself in fire.

With we two hand in hand,
Let rocks move and mountains shake,
Mine will be love's loud, clear call,
Yours the symphonies.

Love's lightning hit the cypress
On which I had built a nest.
My habitat was burnt away ;
May yours ever stand !

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In battle death comes once ;
In love it's every moment.
But lovers do not mind
How dear your friendship proves !

Your table makes no distinction
Between friends and strangers,
Between kafirs and men of faith.
It's open to all lovers !

Mahjoor, O knowing souls, has come
With a new song for you !
It has some subtle point
For you to ponder over.

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LXII

(lalanaavan tshaayi thaavan .....)

Love's more delicate than a flower,
And more precious than my life ;
My heart is its permanent home,
And I its vigilant guard !

It's love that drew me on
To the flower bush in Shalamar
From my nest in the thorn shrubs
Growing on desolate land.

Tell me how autumn brings only blight,
Leaving spring to repair the damage,
For while yemberzal blooms in spring,
Autumn brings saffron flowers !

Be like Satyabhama, who knew that God
Can never be weighed with wealth.
Rejecting all her diamonds,
She weighed Krishna with her love.

I begged in the evening for a view
Of his beauteous form. His answer came
As a staggering medley greeting my eyes,
When dawn broke over the mountain peaks.

You have no faith in what I say,
But — don't mind my being frank ! —
Having the heart of a policeman,
You do not know compassion.

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No one forgives a starving man
Who steals to feed himself,
But how about the rich hiring hands
To have thousands done to death ?

My words one day will be parables,
My call acquire a force ;
Only let Hairat's spirit wake up,
And may Zinda Kaul live long !

Mahjoor, love's fire must be borne
In silence, as by a cooking stove ;
For you can comfort others only
When you have borne this fire.

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LXIII

(jaanaana tse kiti jaan jaan saamaana banaavim .....)

Beloved ! I've made for you many a lovely thing —
Wine cups fashioned out of jessamine petals,

Enchanting tales woven from your short breath or two
(which is all your speech to hint a yes or no),

Pearls shapped from rain drops coming down
When my ardour soared up the sky as a cloud,

Fields of flowers smiling where it was desolate land —
Made desolate, in fact, by these very hands of mine !

I came to taste life's nectar but, enslaved by illusion,
Wove my own thoughts as chains to fetter me.

I learnt about the saqi's new wine of motherland,
For which I fashioned new bowls with an ardent passion !

Those times are gone when you could beg, beseech and get !
I donned the robe of pride, with no hem for supplication.

Justice till now was to be had as freely as the air.
I set up shops in every street to have it freely sold !

Many a covetous man was enticed with liberal sweets,
And many a simple soul with visions of the hereafter !

I adore the company of friends — all my brothers ! —
That's why, despite my faith, I've built a temple at home.

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Mahjoor, I've set up shops for your wine in every place,
For it restores to sobriety those who've got drunk !

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LXVI

(saaqiya mutsraav bar tsu maykhaanas)

O saqi, open wide the door of your wine shop !
Learn this secret : move with the times.
Make your cups and glasses sparkle bright.

Now wine is sold in every shop,
And everyone now sports a glass, —
The wine cellars may soon be dry !

How does it profit the gate-keeper
To hate the moth ? What will he do
With the spent-out lamp at dawn ?

Gyrating round a shrine of love,
I ran into Satan, who cautioned me
Never to adore any man.

Who would help the askha pechan,
Which clutches his neighbour and brings him down,
And, blind to his pain, he blooms and thrives !

Make the foolish rich man understand
That the Sulaiman benumbs the fiercest wind,
And an ant can vanquish a wrestler.

Mankind has gained freedom. Why now should people
Honour promise and pledge ? We have the licence
To treat faith and trust as junk !

Lovers are sick of love's tedious yearnings :
'How long can one live on abstract love ?
I'll have her now by the will of the people !'

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Make the best of all you have. Brief is the time,
For very soon you'll face the storm
When people discover your lovely home.

Once the bulbul asked the gardener
What bound him to his flower beds :
'Go now and occupy some desolate land !'

Mahjoor keeps repeating the message of love,
Taken up madly with his thoughts and plans,
Which make no sense to the strangers !

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LXVII

(jaanaana bo devaana korus)

Allured by your elegant grace,
I wandered over many a desolate place
To understand the maddening mystery
Of your superb craftsmanship.

No poor man's cry for justice
Is allowed to reach your ears.
Shouldn't you, the flower, tune your ears
To the cry of the bulbul's heart ?

Have patience ! Flowers always bloom
When the time is ripe ;
They don't wait for invitations
And petitions from the field.

The song of the swallows woke me up
Well before early dawn.
I understood that winter's gone
And effulgent spring has come.

What to one are pleasure fields,
When riven by grief and pain ?
That's why the poppy doesn't choose
To stay in flower beds.

If they never have been able
To put their own house in order,
How can they ever claim to lend
A helping hand to others ?

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Rise from your humble station,
Choose your place on the heights,
For the sun's lustre falls first
On rocks on mountain tops.

When the Son of Man bore the cross,
With the Word of God on his lips,
It was evident that in this world
Cruelty respects no faith !

Who knows whence came the morning breeze,
And why so late at night,
Moving with slow, deliberate steps,
Sprinkling scent on the scarves of flowers !

He chose to remain away from me —
He, whom I had dearly bought
For two of my costly jewels,
And two cups of the wine of love !

When the god of beauty came here
To distribute his bonty,
He gav liamonds to simple stones,
And only thorns to the flowers.

When Mahjoor is really free,
And enters the flower fields,
Flowers will blaze their torches,
And poshinools tune up their lyres.

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LXVIII

(tse path dildaara banzraavum javaani .....)

O, how your heroism inspired me
To gladly pledge my youth, only to find
My life now lying shattered around me !

You chose not to remember the devotion that made
This breast bare itself to bullets and to bombs.

Who knows who whispered what to you
To plant mistrust in your mind !

What's amazing is that our sworn enemies
Are now closeed with you as dearest friends !

You roam in gay abandon with these souls,
While I still nurse the wounds of bygone times.

Should this city of love permit knaves
To press their claims, and leave
The salt of the earth bewildered and lost ?

May I remind you of all your vows of youth ! —
Were they firm promises, or just fairy tales ?

One by one, my illusions crumble down every day —
That's the wages of loving you, my friend !

Remember the ventures you once strongly abhorred !
How come they now receive your strongest favour ?

O, restrain the arrows of your eyes from slaughter —
What a shame aiming them at the poor alone !

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When our lord of love assumed the rule of the world,
Those that were mere sparks started soaring in the sky !

But O ! how long can this confrontation last —
Your great might against my feeble wherewithal !

I am confused by the terms 'oppressor' and 'victim',
For those who then flaunted the victim's badge
Have emerged as your worst oppressors !

How much can Mahjoor relate or keep on record ?
But the memory of your tyranny will remain evergreen !

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LXIX

FREEDOM
(Aazaadee)

O bulbul, let the freedom urge possess your soul !
Bid good bye to your cage, step out,
Gather your flowers and enjoy their bloom !

Speak out bold and clear. Your voice
Need not falter with fear
As when you sang within your cage.

In bondage, they served you ample food.
Now gather in the fields what grain you can,
And see how sweet is food in freedom !

Though unfreedom made you stammer,
Your call enchanted the birds of the air,
For it was born of love.

You can't remain with folded wings !
Plume them, fly and see the world.
See flowers now with eyes of freedom.

You don't know the latest about the garden !
Forget about the past ; sing new songs now !

Mahjoor, throw away this belt of bondage !
From now, you are free as a bird.
Your heart commands, your voice obeys !

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LXXI

KASHMIR
(Naalay Kashmeer)

My rose gardens fill with ecstasy
Bulbuls and poshinools ;
Forlorn hearts find solace
In my meadows and waterfalls.

Sick men flock here from various lands,
And go back home in health ;
But my own men, racked with hunger and disease,
Lie dying on my roads.

I was not what you see me now !
My many monuments of stone
Bear eloquent witness to the greatness
Of my glorious ancient heritage.

If you just scrape my soil,
Gaze steadily down with care,
Mixed with the dust, you will find
Many a garden that was once in bloom !

If only there were a just dispensation
To save me in my own home,
My jobless many wouldn't have to knock about
On dreary winter nights.

I wear myself out round the year,
But can never banish hunger,
With bankers, grocers, jewellers
Swallowing up whatever I earn.

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I pray with all my heart
That the rich may always prosper ;
In return, their fervent prayer
Is that I may never rise !

My naked poor labour hard,
And grow food for every one ;
Never satisfied, the rich demand
Their slaving for them night and day.

But remember ! When these poor naked souls
Do stand up at last one day,
They will move from their present indigence
To inheritance of wealth.

They'll offer prayer and sacrifice
To reserve their seats in heaven,
For all resourceful men of faith believe
In the insurance of heaven !

I had to pay gold and silver
For just tea and snuff ! —
What more proof that our markets
Are not there for public weal !

My leaders have been so busy,
Taken up with family feuds,
That, despite their best intentions,
They couldn't redress my wrongs.

The dark fortnight will end soon,
Light will flood the heavens,
Making my mountains and my caves
As visible as the moon.

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If Mahjoor, compelled by love,
Lays bare some bitter truths,
The lovers of my beloved land
Should not take it to heart !

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LXXII

(konga posha husnaki josha .....)

O saffron flower! sitting in silent meditation
And radiating the fire of youth,
Many a famed beauty swoons
Seeing your amazing, flaming form.

All guls have run away,
Leaving the field for you,
Like the stars hide themselves
When the sun ascends the heavens.

You were the last to arrive,
But proved the lord of all.
All lovers of flowers have arrived
To pay their homage to you.

O saffron flower, have you ever
Thought of the plight of one
Who nursed you, made you bloom,
And has been your friend in need ?

He guarded you on every front,
Undeterred by the blazing sun,
Saw that no animal, big or small,
Ever harmed your steady growth.

Right from his birth till now,
He has been your devoted vassal,
Though he stands worn out, his face
Dark, disfigured, patched and peeled.

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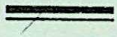
Sorrows have given him pallor,
Dust covers his slender frame.
Couldn't you, in kindness, spare for him
A little of your rosy hue ?

You'll soon be moving all over the world ;
But how on earth could you
Forget your dearest friend,
Now grovelling in the dust ?

Mahjoor, why came you so early ?
You could have delayed your arrival,
So that people could flock to buy you,
Like they buy saffron flowers.



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LXXIII

(ban tse Jawhar rangi dilbar...)

Let the immanent soul dwell in you
Like light in a jewel, so that all barriers
Are removed that separate you from God.

You can't remain enmeshed for ever
In the world of sinuous curls !
Emerge from this enveloping darkness
And locate the fountain head of beauty.

Better be a short-lived flower, radiating charm,
Than a lasting thorn in the garden of life.

How did the lonesome rain drop become a pearl ?
He plunged fearlessly from the clouds
Into the depths of the stormy sea.

Maybe, you've mastered the mystical truth ;
But where is that bowl of your heart's blood
That you are supposed to drink ?

God has endowed man with two talents —
The ability to live in a hole like a worm,
Or soar like a winged bird.

The world admires you now for perfect wisdom
If you can win people's confidence,
And pass off glass beads as pearls !

The times have changed, for in the world
Of ever-growing competiton,
And science making inroads into faith,
All religions have lost their hold.

Remember, Mahjoor ! Now he alone
Will acquire eminence, who dedicates his life
To the fulfilment of his desires.

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LXXIV

A GARDEN IS OUR LAND
(gulshan vatan chhu sonuy)

The bulbul sings to the flowers :
'A garden is our land !'

The hyacinth says to the violet,
'Why are you hiding thus ?
Come down from the woods to the garden !'
A garden is our land !

Like walls of white marble,
The mountain peaks enclose
A sunny space of emerald green.
A garden is our land !

The early spring has come again
And camped on mountain heights,
And tulips blow in Shalamar.
A garden is our land !

The sweet gift of spring
To fountains, rivulets, streams
And waterfalls is music.
A garden is our land !

Colourful flowers bloom
In gardens and on hill and dale,
In forests, ravines and river banks.
A garden is our land !

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Blossoms are everywhere
In orchards and on hills,
And drunken sings the bulbul :
A garden is our land !

Mahjoor, our motherland
Is the loveliest on earth !
Shall we not love her best ?
A garden is our land !

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LXXV

COME, GARDENER !
(volo ha baaghvaano)

Come, gardener ! Create the glory of spring ! Make
Guls bloom and bulbuls sing — create such haunts !

The dew weeps, and your garden lies desolate ;
Tearing their robes, your flowers are distracted.
Breathe life once again into the lifeless gul and the bulbul !

Rank nettles hamper the growth of your roses.
Weed them out, for look thousands
Of hyacinths are crowding at the gate !

Who will set you free, captive bird,
Crying in your cage ? Forge with your own hands
The instruments of your deliverance !

Wealth and pride and comfort, luxury and authority,
Kingship and governance — all these are yours !
Wake up, sleeper, and know these as yours !

Bid good-bye to your dulcet strains. To rouse
This habitat of flowers, create a storm,
Let thunder rumble, — let there be an earthquake !

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LXXVI

FUSSY BIRD
(Bulbulas Kun)

Fussy bird, you do not know
Who drink delight from bud and blossom,
Ravish spring in all her beauty —
Fussy bird, you do not know !

New clapnets have been made for you,
And finer are the meshes ;
The snare around the flower shrub
Is camouflaged in green.

Your pretty nest is on the bough —
But they'll burn and bring it down !
And, fussy bird, you will have
To leave the garden soon !

We love a shady tree and wish
It were to live for ever,
But axe the one that gives no shade —
Even if it's the proudest pine !

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LXXVI

O GOLDEN ORIOLE !
(Poshinool)

O golden oriole, winter's gone,
Gay spring has come again !
Step out and feast your weary eyes
On the myraid flowers abloom.

Born in a cage where the candle
Of your life has guttered low,
Shed your fear, and spreading wings,
Learn flight in God's free air.

Flowering plants have spread their arms ;
Perch on the bough your fancy takes ;
But with an alien as your gardener,
This freedom won't remain.

Know how precious midsummer is ;
Don't let your youth run waste !
Pour the wine of universal love,
For all men are friends, not foes.

Goodness does not discriminate
Between the high and the low ;
There's no greatness in lavishing bounty
On one's own kin alone.

Strength lies not in severe reprisals
Nor in cruel revenge ;
You can win over bitterest foes
With the force of love alone.

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Hawks have left your garden,
And birds are all in song —
But if you yourself turn a hawk,
How futile was this change !

Naive indeed is your faith to see
As saviours and redeemers
Interloping birds that burn
With envy of your lot.

The earthworm knows how the hoopoe bites —
Not others unaffected —
This grand high-turbaned bird who has
A retinue of hawks and crows.

The Wular Lake is still in flood,
The North Wind howling strong ;
The shore is far away, and you
Must steer your course with care.

Mahjoor has always sung love songs
In freedom in his garden.
'This is no way', the new bulbuls say,
'He must enter a cage !'

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LXXVII

FREEDOM
(Aazaadi)

Let us all offer thanksgiving,
For Freedom has come to us ;
It's after ages that she has beamed
Her radiance on us.

In western climes Freedom comes
With a shower of light and grace,
But dry, sterile thunder is all
She has for our own soil.

Poverty and starvation,
Repression and lawlessness, —
It's with these happy blessings
That she has come to us.

Freedom, being of heavenly birth,
Can't move from door to door ;
You'll find her camping in the homes
Of a chosen few alone.

She says she will not tolerate
Any wealth in private hands ;
That's why they are wringing capital
Out of the hands of everyone.

There's mourning in every house ;
But in sequestered bowers
Our rulers, like bridegrooms,
Are in dalliance with Freedom.

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Nabir Sheikh knows what Freedom means,
For his wife was whisked away.
He went on complaining until
She bore Freedom in a new home !

They searched her armpits seven times
To see if she was hiding rice ;
In a basket covered with a shawl
The peasant's wife brought Freedom home.

There's restlessness in every heart,
But no one dare speak out —
Afraid that with their free expression
Freedom may be annoyed.

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Glossary

Achhi posh	White spring flower growing on barren lands and resembling thepupil of an eye.
Ahrabal	A fine waterfall of the river Vishu emergening from Kaunsarnag.
Araval	Wild rose.
Arigam	A small village in Budgam Tehsil. Mahjoor during his stay in the village had planted some chinars on the bank of a rivulet. The trees are now fully grown and remembered by the local people as Mahjoor Chinars.
Ashka pechan	A species of ivy that bears red flowers — American Jasmine.
Badwal Jamal	Badrul Jamal. As bright as the full moon, fair faced, fair complexioned.
Balapur	small village in Shopian, home of Heemal.
Brang	A pargana in South Kashmir
Bulbul	The nightingale. In Kashmir a certain melodious bird resembling a nightingale.
Chadura	In Kashmiri 'Tsodur'. A Tehsil in Nagam pargana, ten miles from Srinagar.
Chanzal	Name of a lofty mountain ridge in Pir Panchal ranges.
Crow	Crows are said to be the carriers of messages between lover and beloved.
Dal, Dal Lake	Famous Kashmir Lake. Most significant spot as a tourist attraction in Srinagar.
Faqir	Poor, mendicant.
Ganga	The river Ganges.
Gatch	Lime plaster for walls.
Girda	A special kind of round flat bread baked in tandoor.
Gul	Flower, rose.
Gupkar	Name of locality in the foot hills of Takhti Sulaiman (Shankaracharya Hill) on the east bank of Dal Lake. The palace built by the last Dogra ruler hare has now been turned into a posh hotel.

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Hairat	Maulana Hairat Kamili, noted Kashmiri poet and scholar.
Hokur	A rivulet near Pakharpur. S.W. of Srinagar.
Halqadar	A junior revenue official.
Harmukh	Famous mountain peak in north of Kashmir and a sacred religious spot for Hindus.
Handwara	A township in Baramulla district where Mahjoor is said to have fallen in love with a native peasent girl. Now a tehsil head quarters.
Heemal	Heroine of the famous Kashmiri folk tale 'Heemal Nagiray'. Beloved of the Serpent King.
Hourie	A virgin of paradise,
Jam-e-Jam	Jami Jamsheed, mirror or drinking vessel of King Jamsheed in which he saw whatever he wished to see.
Jyotshi	An astrologer.
Kafir	(1) infidel, (2) disloyal
Kartik moon	Full moon in the seventh month of the Hindu calender. *i.e.*, Kartik (Oct-Nov).
Khanabal	A small town on the Bank of Jehlum, 2 miles from Anantnag. Khanabal was a famous landing place for boats.
Kotahar	A pargana to the east of Anantnag.
Krishna	Lord Krishna, incarnation of Vishnu.
Kusum	Safflower, the flower used for making red dye.
La belle dam sans merci	Beautiful girl who had no mercy.
Lanka	Name of the country (now known as Sri Lanka) ruled by Ravana, against whom Lord Rama waged a war.
Makhmoor	Saif-ud-Din Ganai, retired D.I.G., Mahjoor's friend.
Manasbal	Name of the lake around Ahteng hill near Sumbal in Baramulla district.
Masyal	Iris.
Mir	See Rasul Mir.

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Mynah	A kind of starling; a term of endearment used by women for girls.
Naagabal	Place of springs; a spring.
Nagiray	Name of the hero of Kashmiri folk tale Heemal Naagiray. The serpent king who had fallen in love with Heemal.
Najd	Name of the higher part of Arabia towards Babylon. It was a desert where Majnoon roamed about yearning for Laila.
Nan	A particular bread.
Naseem Bagh	A beautiful garden of majestic chinars laid by Mughal King Akbar on the western bank of Dal. It is where the Kashmir University is situated now. .
Nilnag	A blue water lake in the valley between low spurs descending from Pir Pantchl near Yusmarg.
Nishat Bagh	Celebrated Mughal garden on the bank of Dal Lake laid by Asaf Jah, brother of Nur Jahan, a very popular visiting spot for Kashmiris and tourists.
Pari Mahal	A ruined observatory built in the lap of Zabarvan hills by Mughal prince, Dara Shikoh. Locally called Koontilun. It is a spot for tourist attraction.
Policeman	See "Makhmoor".
Poshimal	Literally — a garland, wreath. Name of Kashmiri woman.
Poshinool	Golden oriole.
Prang	Sylvan resort near kangan.
Rabab	A stringed musical instrument.
Rama	Lord Rama, incarnation of Vishnu.
Rambi Ara	A river that flows past Hirapur Shopian and joins Vitasta below Tsakdar. Famous for gushing summer waters.
Rasul Mir	Celebrated Kashmiri romantic poet of Dooru Shahabad. Love lyricism of Mahjoor shows considerable influence of Rasul Mirs diction and style.
Ravana	King of Lanka against whom a war was waged by

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	Rama.
Ruma Rishi	Celebrated Kashmiri Rishi who lived a very long life, like Methuselah.
Sadhu	A Hindu saint.
Saffron in the moonlight	Saffron fields are a glorious sight in the moonlight, particularly on Kartik purnima (Oct-Nov).
Sangarvani	A forest resort in between Pakharpora and Yusmarg.
Shalimar	Famous Mughal garden on the northern slopes of Zabarwan range built by Jahangir.
Sheereen	Beloved of Farhad of the famous persian epic 'Sheereen Farhad, in which the lover dug out a stream of milk from the rocks of Koh-i-Be sutoon.
Shirmal	A special bread in which flour is kneaded with milk. made by Pampore bakers.
Shravan	Fourth month of Bikrami calendar (July-Aug). In Shravan heavy showers are a common feature.
Sind	River Sindh of Kashmir that drains waters of Zojila and flows through Lar pargana.
Sumbal	Hyacinth
Sona posh	A wild fragrant flower mostly found in meadows.
Sufi	A mystic.
Sulaiman	King Solomon,
Telbal	A small village on the northern side of Dal Lake. Famous for its stream of the same name, a popular picnic spot for those who used to go in ferries.
Tosamaidan	(lit. the field of Tosa or Shah Tush) Famous alluvial ground and its mountain pass among pir pantsal ranges. It joins Lohrin with Kashmir valley.
Weir	Weir on Jehlum river at Chhatsabal in Srinagar.
Yaarivan	Name of a grove of pines near Shopian said to be the home of Heemal.
Yemberzal	Narcissus.
Yusmarg	Meadow of flowers in chaghtai tongue.

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Yusuf	Joseph, son of Jacob,
Zabarvan	Mountain range in the east of Srinagar city. The Dal Lake lies at its foot and most of the gardens were laid by the Mughals on its slope.
Zeithethyar	Name of a place on the bank of Dal Lake near Gargribal, place of pilgrimage for Hindus.
Zinda Kaul	Kashmiri poet. Also called Masterji.
Zuleikha	Wife of the King of Egypt who had fallen in love with Joseph, the son of Jacob.

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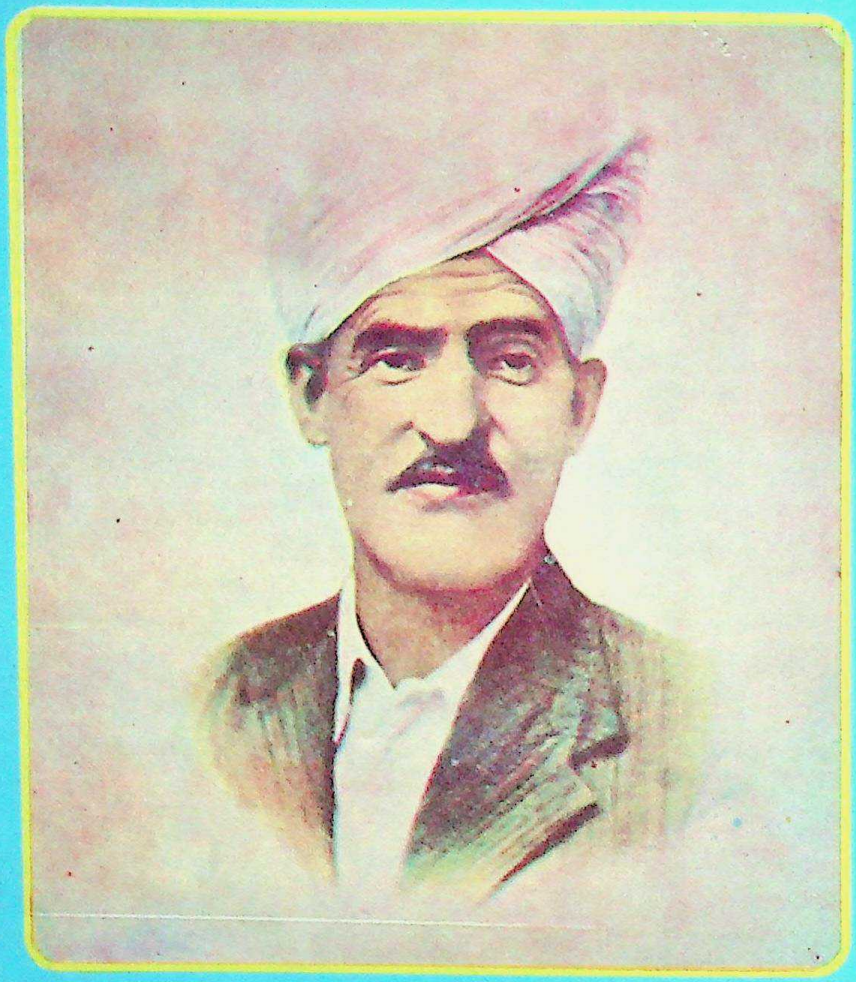

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